

A MIRAGE OF ATLANTIS

(Poems Beamed Into Outer Space)

by Brian Edwards

.... All poems beamed into Outer Space via radio (the Space
Speak messaging platform, in 2023

1.

Nothing here
is full of any light
except for its own light
the slight illumination
emanating from the minuscule essence

I wish that I could believe
in the new beginning
the new crystallized threshold
to a thousand star-world plateaus
where candlelight banishes
the void of dust

I have become
one that is in-between
mirror-reflected realities
a garden of stone saints and martyrs

my belief burns
with a passionate fire
once I see the flower rise above
the horizon that calls to me

- 4/22/2023

2.

Wandering through
a palace of mirrors
the dawn's light
like a key
opening a hidden door
within my soul

I seek to hear
the voices of these reflections
guiding me
to the end of a journey
a garden
an ancient tree
a heightened perception
attuning the soul

currents of light
flowing through me now
I touch the seemingly empty air
and create a ripple
that expands
across the threshold
to the galaxy

- 4/25/2023

3.

I listen
to what the crows
cannot even hear
I absolve myself
of the shadows
that have clung to me
like dark ornaments
with piercing eyes
I wander a desert
of vanishing apparitions
my soul infused
with the solar outpourings
of light that conquers death
within me there is
an impenetrable silence
that gives way to the choir
of dark-winged seraphim
I am aligned
with another horizon
I am here to dissolve myself
into the dawn's sacrament
a sea of astral-light
is now my sanctuary
in the tapestry of time

- 4/25/2023

4.

An onyx sea
reveals itself to me
in a flash of lighting
the eyes receiving image
from beyond the threshold
of living breath
I cannot concede to
nor deny
that etherial roses
are growing from the walls
within my room
my room is a labyrinth
with stairs that descend
to the gardens of Hades
where black flowers
reach for a black Sun
a gathering of spirits
welcomes me
and brings me to the shore
of that great river in shadow
from which
there is no return

- 4/25/2023

5.

I have seen the idols
that I falsely worship
in a radio dream
I have felt
the Winter's deceiving reprieve
a frozen tundra light
a glaring horizon
beautiful and desolate
I imagine whispers
luring me into penitence
candles floating
upon the ocean
a breath of void
released upon the geraniums
we wish for our truths
to be mythologized
we want to touch a stone
and hear the murderous cries
of harpies descending
with eyes of hunger

- 4/25/2023

6.

I remember
those sunny days
when we yearned for
the invisible radio light
of a spectral mythology
we did not know it yet
but we were waiting
for the glow of candles
a mirage of Atlantis
a pearl.....a diamond
a radio transmitter
speaking to Olympian gods
we wanted to convince
our own hearts
that the lost continent
lives on in the clouds
each day above us
now much closer
to the palace of Helios

- 4/25/2023

7.

Wishing that all of this
monotony
would disappear
into a vaporous oblivion
as if none of it
was ever there
routines of digitized repetition
I find that I cannot
maintain my focus
upon the task at hand
I find myself transfixed
watching a candle
slowly burning
yet it is only just an image
an imagining
it is not real
yet it illuminates
in such a mysterious way
that I struggle
to find the words to describe it
it is such light
from a place separate
yet becoming more real to me
each passing day
as I drift away
further and further
from this world of the material
and preordained conformity

- 4/26/2023

8.

Shadow and Sun
broken mirror
a broken reflection
staring back
from a thousand
different realities
a cacophony of rituals
scattered in a tempest wind
rays of dusty light
breaking through
reminiscent of
the way it was
when that flower grew
within my soul
when the vines
had yet to devour
the tomb
of an innocent love
destroyed by wicked laughter

- 4/27/2023

9.

Sixteen visions
were entangled
with my waking moment
this morning
as the dawn's
alchemical fire
first began to illuminate
the ether of radio hymns
heralding Helios
ascending his throne
time....light
and telepathy
all bound
into a single rosebud
of mystified air
a jewel
seen only by those
dedicated to this philosophy
of past and present
entwined with hidden wisdom
of the spirit

- 4/27/2023

10.

Why won't the muses anoint me
Why won't the words flow through me
Like electric light of the soul
It does happen from time to time
I never know when
It's not planned...hardly
It's just unexpected
There's a kind of rupture within me
An explosion of words
A supernova of words
My words go out into the ether all around me
My words go out into the night
And shine like fireflies
My words go up to the moon
And bury themselves in moon dust
Sometimes they go out
Yet come back to me
As if there was some kind
of strange gravity at work
Sometimes they gather
on skeletal tree branches
And linger they are like a gang of crows
Sometimes I feel as if
I'm being followed by my own words
As if they're watching me
Yet they never seem like strangers
There is a connection between us after all

4/27/2023

11.

Oasis of candle-glow
I lose myself
within a palace of mirrors
that I have created
most esoterically

the scent of flowers
carries through the streets
upon a wind from the west

we are waiting patiently
for our Sun God to appear
above.....radiant..thunderous
bestowing upon us
a thousand bronze statues
of Aphrodite

- 4/27/2023

12.

My muse
often evades me
I search for her
in the city
of glowing medallions
at the edge of the sea
at the edge
of an ancient mist
that will not vanish
a mist that shrouds us
from the peacock Queen
her eyes ever watching
from the sky
like blazing orbs
of goddess light
and I go searching
for my muse again
in a garden
at the edge of a world
now only ever remembered
through hypnosis

- 4/27/2023

13.

Music of a wandering caravan
projected out
across the ether
becoming entangled
with radio broadcast
from occult transmitters
the crown of the monarch
with its many emeralds
has been tossed away
into the garden
of poison ivy
any attempt to retrieve it
and you risk
an affliction of itching
and scratching yourself
right out of existence
what it all means is
that at present
there is no anointed sovereign
to tax our wine
our song
and our sacred bread
there is no one to keep order
to ensure that the trains
run on time
that the streetlights stay lit
and so we gather into caravans
and head out into the desert
in search of forty nights
of spiritualist seances

- 4/28/2023

14.

Time has stung me
with its irony
I was bitten by the asp
of the shadow
yet I do not die
or if I did
I have been resurrected
transformed.....mutated
altered into something
that breathes in obscurity
that breathes in
vapors of divination
I have been made
into a new creation
part abomination
part prophet
receiving whispers
from the hidden realm
I can now
gather invisible thorns
and make of them
a new flower
under radiant Heaven

- 4/29/2023

15.

I saw you there
on the other side
of the electric void
the cold moonlight
shining in your emerald eyes
your skin like that
of a serpent
poised to bite
and drink the very soul
now....I know
that you cannot see me
I exist only
far below your radiance
your pearls....your rubies
your sea of champagne
I can never touch the sky
breathe the same air
where you rule
as Queen of a Hornet's nest

- 4/29/2023

16.

Do you see the moonlight
as I see it
a veil of radiance
glowing ascension
light of the threshold
to the vast expanse
of infinity

If you could
but see through my eyes
for a brief moment
how you would find
a sight that absorbs
takes in.....
light....shadow
decay....darkness
flowers....beauty
flesh.....and epiphany

- 4/30/2023

17.

Anointed we are
in the rose's glare
in alchemical Sun
vast folds of space-time
dimensions full of palaces
angelic wings
seen and heard
in an azure sky
of prayer and dream

speaking with other realms
through mirrors
there is so much more
to a reflection
than is commonly realized
there is so much more
to the essence of its light

- 4/30/2023

18.

I have known the shadows
of both seraphim
and assassins
I have known the upheaval
of an audio tempest
sound waves....radio waves
lightwaves
all of it pulsating
screaming into the ears
the mind....the soul
the truth of existence
existence of some kind
of some nature
infused with illusions
with mirages....yes
but in ways....so very real
real to the cold touch
sounds....light....visions
blasted out of some
dream-like abyss
or some immortal spirit
or immortal machinery
and here we all are
within this world
that resonates its own symphonies
into the souls
of its own inhabitants

- 4/30/2023

19.

This silent....dark room
has given me
a thousand visions
I have beheld scenes
images....landscapes
that are unknown to us all
yet that exist
somewhere in the Universe

this silent....dark room
is a threshold
to the night's starry dominion
which is itself
another threshold
to the places of stars
of worlds
that exist within

this darkness
this silence
is a window
through which to see
the immaculate gardens
that exist beyond the reach
of our material forms
yet that we may find
through a journey of the soul

- 4/30/2023

20.

Right now
Hearing the crowing
Of a thousand crows

Right now
Walking out into a haze
Of Hera's eyes

Right now
Cursed with impossible ways
To find redemption

Surrounded by the serpents
Of Medusa's hair

The jealousies
And spitefulness
of the gods
Has stung my flesh and soul
Anointed with a bouquet of thorns
Their offering of mockery

Yet I will go on
I will defy the gods
And all of their curses
For love is like a fire that possesses
Even if it's destiny
Is one's own tormented destruction

4/30/2023

21.

Today
I wanted to go out early
Into the forest
To watch the Sun rising
I wanted to entangle my soul
With the fiery radiance
Of a star
I want it to be filled
With all that was
Hidden within this light
Timeless memories
Of ages that live now
Only in imagination
Only in dreams
I wanted to feel
the presence of angels
I wanted any
lingering darkness within me
To be cast out by the sunrise
By the light of the sunrise
By the immaculate light
Shining down from the heavens
Yet when I awoke this morning
There was only gray sky and rain
So it would seem after all
That I would spend my day
Dancing with the shadows

4/30/2023

Last night
It seemed that
As soon as I fell asleep
I found myself
Within a palace of nightmares
with long hallways of mirrors
In each one
I saw her face
The one that years ago
had turned my heart
Into stone and ice
It seemed strange to me
It's been so long
In the day when I'm awake
I can't even remember
Much about her
The memories long faded now
Yet when I'm asleep
When I've crossed over
To the shores of the dream realm
There she is in absolute clarity
Right there before me
In a thousand cruel reflections
And it frightens me
Even more to know
That she was there all along
Hidden in the labyrinth
of the deeper mind

-4/30/2023

23.

The night's dream-threaded mist
Shrouds everything
Covers my eyes
Banishes the visions
Recollections just beginning
To gather before me
Forming into rose stems
Crowned with the red beautiful flower
Now it has all vanished
The Sun under the horizon
It's gilded rays lost to me
Until tomorrow
Tomorrow...when my eyes shall open
To the rejuvenated glow...fiery
To the mystical fusion....ancient
Elements and alchemy
A billion years of divine breath
Anointing both the tallest mountain
And the rose's thorns
Until then.... until the hour
Through a darker veil
Are revealed the further
Candles of heaven

5/1/2023

Through the window
These astral whispers
Enter my room
They speak to me of
Something above the Earth
They tell me that
there's something up there
They won't exactly
Tell me what it is
They seem to like to be vague about it
They simply stress its importance
They tell me that
there's something
of great significance up there
Is it the afterlife?
Is it Heaven?
Is that where it's at?
Above the Earth
Is that where I'll go someday
Standing upon the threshold
Looking back
Upon all those cherished places
Of my memory
And then looking forward....before me
To the realm of many palaces
Looking upon the eternal scenery
Of what these whispers
Kept a secret from me

5/1/2023

You won't think
love's so great
when it's haunting you
years and years from now
you won't think
it's so great
when you wake up
in the morning
and it's your first thought
infecting all of
your other thoughts
live a virus
of the broken heart
you'll probably even
look back and realize
that it wasn't worth it
not at all
it wasn't worth
the price you're paying now
it wasn't worth
the cracking and fragmenting
of your soul
and it will cut you
and make you bleed inside
to know that she's somewhere
with someone else
and you're nothing to her now
you could never haunt her
the way she haunts you
she's forgotten you
she's far removed
and you're the haunted one
that sees her face
with each breath you take
passing the days
of this haunted life

26.

I looked destiny
in the face
and I recognized nothing

I walked out
far out
onto the desolate tundra
searching for one true
sacred thought
....silence and wind prevailed

I changed my mind
and went back to the city
sat on a rooftop
in a beach chair
contemplated becoming
a Sun-worshipper
decided to revisit
that impulse later

I went down to the pier
seagull droppings were everywhere
like some kind of
sculpture and painting
of its own

I looked out
over the bay
the Sun would be setting soon
I thought about
what the night might bring
and I tried to remember
the color of destiny's eyes

- 5/1/2023

There's something
very strange about me
Something very strange
About how I perceive time
About how my mind handles
The passage of time
It does not move for me
In a linear fashion
Like I suppose that it does
For most people
For me time appears
As one thing
With one essence
With one soul in a sense
And then it all changes
And something different
ascends to the forefront
Yet it only stays there
for so long
And then I find myself
returning to where I was before
The past comes back to me
Sure... many things in my life
My day-to-day life
go on in a normal sense
I'm talking about my mind
My thinking
My memory
Something from long ago resurfaces
It's like I can relive the past over and over
It's like I'm back there
like I'm truly back there
The world can seem to me
in many ways
like it did twenty years ago
Things that happened
decades ago
Will all of a sudden
Feel to me like
they only occurred last week
And then

everything shifts again
And I'm back
in the present time
And those things from the past
Will once again
feel like they are far gone
now returned to the past
They feel distant
They feel faded
Yet...they will not stay that way
They will never stay
that way for me
Because for whatever reason
I journey through time
Along a different path

- 5/2/2023

28.

Nothing much happening
just the night outside
being consumed
into the heaviest damn fog
I've ever seen
it's now seeming like
it's going to make
everything disappear
and there will be nothing left
nothing....
just fog
at least that's how
it will appear to the eyes
whether there's anything there
anymore
within the fog
who could really say
but for some brave soul
willing to walk
right into it
and find out
a last hope for all civilization
otherwise
nothing's happening tonight

- 5/2/2023

I walked out
into the garden
that did not exist
I walked out
into the noonday Sun
of the toad
I walked down the road
that brought me
to a pyramid
some pharaoh's afterlife palace
at one time
full of gold....jewels
riches....booze
lots of booze
booze to cross over with
to have a drink
with Isis....Anubis
Odin....Mithra
or whoever....
the pharaoh wanted to make
a good impression
on the other side
so he brought
plenty of booze
and invited
the whole afterlife
back to his pyramid
yet the pyramid
was on Earth after all
and it has long since
been pillaged and looted
so I passed it by
and I went about my day
finding a different road
to wander down
a road that led to a hillside
of ancient statue-heads
sticking out of the ground

-5/2/2023

30.

Today was another kicker
Another eternal April fools day
Another carnival of court jesters
Another gathering of harlequins
Soothsayers
Symphony composers
Mountain movers
Today was another day
Being half within a dream
Being half within a garden
of imaginings
Being half in Sunlight
And half in Moonlight
Being half in this world
And half flung through dimensions
Places that could only exist
If they remain undiscovered
Threads in the tapestry
Of a sunrise

5/3/2023

31.

About to go back
into the rat race today
nine to five
maybe longer
questioning what it all means
I know that I simply
must return to the rat race
yet I can't help
questioning why
does the rat race even exist?
what circumstances
of chaos and catastrophe
brought it into existence
in the first place
what madness
what indifference
but I guess that wheels
need to spin
just by their very nature
and that's all we're doing really
living inside
of a great big
spinning wheel

- 5/4/2023

32.

The morning tide recedes
the reeds sway
glaring with
the immortality of the Sun
something will always be there
as remembrance
and I called out
in a humble voice
and heard echoes return
from wherever light
transcends the hourglass
and I am now
pulling in each breath
of sea air
an intrepid beginning
appears once again
this time
may I keep its solace within
longing for isles
of vaporous fauna beheld

- 5/4/2023

33.

Nothingness with an amber sparkle
Time enveloping the desolate plateau
The moonlight showering
With anointing vision
A promise lingers
Would that one day
The sacred flower may grow
Would that one day
The night's dark wings
Would reach within
And free my spirit
From this stillness of stone
How I gaze upon Luna now
Medallion of orbiting light
Radiance....Celestial candle
Revealing what may tomorrow
Awaken from the soil

5/4/2023

34.

A monument
of bones and laments
this immaculate coral gleaming
and choirs heard
above....the seraphim
at sunrise
and these echoes
never rest
they never fade
a palace of clouds
appearing
to behold....to behold
what the eyes can see
and yet the mind
never rationalize
these echoes
our echoes
returning to the realm
of every beginning

-5/4/2023

35.

Isle of vaporous mirage
upon that flat horizon
of mirrored sea
I want to know
if I can reach thee
could I reach thee
place where mystified flowers
are beckoning telepathically
I want to know
the isle's solitude
its separation
from the industrial age
rusted steel ships
passing by oblivious
can they not see
the isle there
its sand of a different time
a spectral placement
in the dawn's first light
illustrious...oceanic scene
neither airplane nor ship
shall know....shall find
this sanctuary....mystical
that I have captured
imagined....
brought into being
as illusion
by synthesis
of light and thought

- 5/5/2023

36.

Tomorrow's Sun
Appeared before my eyes
Not as a vision
Not as a dream
But as a rosebud
Plucked from the future's garden
And I have felt this light
The warmth
Of this radiance
That is yet to exist
In this apparitional world
Of the present time
And I have seen
Tomorrow's moonlight
Shining down
Upon the villages
Of the dreaming souls
I have entwined
My consciousness
With what is to come
With light that is yet to shine
With illumination
Of the celestial and the divine

5/5/2023

37.

Down an obscure path
I have wandered
To the shore
Where blue waves
Quickened my longing
For connection to the eternal
Tapestry of stars and worlds
When I can look past
And see beyond
the horizon's boundary
A thin azure veil
And then immaculate darkness
Expanse..... until my vision
Is enchanted
By the distant fires
of starry creation
Of other worlds
Where there are other souls
Wandering as I wander
Looking out
Beyond the threshold
Of their vantage
Seeking the light
Not only of the stars
But of kindred spirits
Who gaze upon them
and wonder

5/5/2023

38.

Now I see you there
beside the lantern
where moths gather
chanting to the light
glowing essence
corridors of....
an invisible palace of air
of regal tapestries
the mind has fabricated
an outpouring from within
as a diamond Moon
illuminates above
our radio monoliths
brightly revealed
and sanctified
the atmosphere transparent
pulsing with waves
of jazz
and the living spirit

- 5/5/2023

39.

Within the astral garden
between the waking chime
through a descended mist
a light
distant....faint
yet growing
and intuitively
I knew it to be
a star upon the Earth
knowing completely
the impossibility of it
yet in the astral
all of our preconceptions
go out the window
and there now
growing brighter
through a shroud of haze
of drifting consciousness
a star is upon this
reflection of Earth
the moments
this place between
the labyrinths of awareness
and belief
in what the mind and spirit
can weave into prophetic vision

- 5/5/2023

40.

This essence of eternity's wind
touching the stone
statue faces....ancient
with old eyes
old vision....that stares
across seas of light
and ages of salty air
along the shore
listening through the shells
one can hear
Atlantean days
a time before
the grand machines
a time of crystalline philosophy
jeweled upon papyrus
then in some cataclysm
echoes faded across centuries now
entombed beneath the sea
or buried under volcanic ash
and through subliminal whispers
calling to the souls of mariners
to be found
and be revealed once more
beneath the golden chariot
of Apollo

- 5/6/2023

41.

I envision something now
a risen Sun
of old Egypt
perched high
like a golden chrysanthemum
above the blue sea
immaculate gleaming
the embrace of water
sea and salt
cascades of solar light
a vision is nearby
I can feel
its ripples in the air
it is spring now
flowers in bloom
adorning each moment
I have come here
to this place
to find the appearance
of something
a glowing lantern
on Ithaca's shore
perhaps

- written at Corson's Inlet, NJ 5/7/2023

42.

I am waiting
listening
for this new sainthood
upon isles of cloud
and the haze of a dream
dissipating into a violet hue
a soliloquy heard
through the breeze
after this life's tribulations
will there be rest
will my imaginings
my visions
return....a presence
among the swaying reeds
at twilight

- written at Corson's Inlet, NJ 5/7/2023

43.

It's a sunny
Sunday morning
springtime
the ocean waves
offering me
their sweet solace
a glimpse of eternity
an unseen mythology
here reverberates
and I am
blending back into
all of this
threading of time
I am embracing
the essence of time
within my own soul
I can see many things...places
all from the past
all so clear to my vision
as clear and as present
as this beach sand
slipping through my fingers
each grain
the reflection
of a bygone moment

- written at Corson's Inlet, NJ 5/7/2023

44.

I am listening
to the symphony
of the breaking waves
a music
from the beginning
of all the world
a music of shells
and pearls

- written at Corson's Inlet, NJ 5/7/2023

45.

This morning
I was waiting
for the birds to announce
Waiting for the trees
to pronounce
A soliloquy gilded in the sunlight
Visions of Sun kingdoms
Sun palaces
Sun Gardens
My thoughts were scattering
Like a flock of bats at twilight
I wanted to ascend
The pillars of early mist
I wanted to feel the wind
Kicked up by Apollo's chariot
I wanted to feel
That solar alchemy of creation
Within my soul
Glowing..... bursting
Fiery... bright rays
This hydrogen fusion of splendor
Regarded by many
Throughout the ages
As our divine monarch of the dawn

5/7/2023

46.

A resurrected wind
A symphonic epiphany
This morning
I wander down to the shore
Putting the shells to my ears
Listening for the songs
Of that place now
Sunken
Forever
Gone
I faintly heard
A choir from someone's dream
Ascending through heaven's blessed window
I found myself
Without the slightest sense of the time
The clock became an apparition
I looked upon the waves
And beheld the birth of crystalline obelisk
In the surrounding villages
I could find no memory
No traces of memory
Of all those centuries
Devoted to seeing the gods
Among the stars

5/7/2023

47.

The day started out
With a radiant Sun
There was something mystical about it
Like it was some drawing
From an ancient grimoire
Yet now the storm clouds have moved in
It looks like it will rain at any moment
This must be
the fourth or fifth Sunday now
Where its rained
At least there was
Some time this morning
When I could see the world once again
As it appears before me at dawn
The hour they call the golden one
I knew that I shouldn't
let it go to waste
So I drove to the beach and I waited
For those first rays of light
To rise from the edge of the horizon
And there was something
mystical about it
I could feel the rays of the Sun
Reaching inside of me
Connecting with my soul in some way
It chased away
All the spiders
All the crows
All the bats that were in there
All the gloom that I had breathed in
From all those dark clouds
It felt like I was cleansed
by something saintly
Yet now this afternoon
The grey shroud descends once more
And a swarm of bats approaches
And the crows are all
Gathering in the trees
With their piercing and calculating eyes
I was never able to hide from those calculating eyes

- 5/7/2023

48.

It was a very rough Monday for me
An accursed Monday
Monday from Hades
Monday from Leviathan's mouth
I wish that I was
Simply being overdramatic
But this is not the case at all
And so often it's Monday
That is the culprit
The stories..... the legends
About Monday
They don't come out of nowhere
An accursed day it was
This Monday
Like so many Mondays before it
And most likely
Many more Mondays
To come
Yet to reveal
Their devilish form

5/8/2023

That old Byzantine Moon
Up there in the Byzantine sky
Throwing down
Ten thousand glaring pearls
Like little eyes of second sight
That old Moon up there
Presiding over the realm
of the weary souls
Lightbulbs down below
Burning out
Opening the floodgates
To the night's bat wings
But that old Moon up there
Pours light out from
Its ancient heart
Brightening our way
Through the valleys
And down the cobblestone streets
When the Sun has sunken down
Under the horizon's palisade
That old Byzantine Moon up there
Of saintly form
Casting an Apollonian shadow
Touching the treetops
Of our sacred Pines

5/8/2023

50.

Words born
of my obsession's tongue
lights glowing
in the astral plane
how about all of these
circling birds of prey
how about all of these
lanterns....candelabras
of the Minotaur's feast
how about all of these
supplications given
to the cruel....old
stone....fiery
Carthaginian god
given such a bad name
but ever lurking
between the fire escapes
and the orchids
towards which we gaze
reassured of the old time
cinematography of mystical splendor

- 5/8/2023

51.

Existing in the limbo
of the Moon's glow
over all of this expanse
over all of this
celestial metropolis
shining down
through the windows
anointing the old gramophone
of our interstellar longing
we want to touch
the night's dark cloak
of splendor
and infinite candles
burning....shining
a cathedral in its own right
the outer boundaries
of our thoughts
brought to life anew
of constellations
with opening eyes

- 5/9/2023

52.

High from the castle tower
the maiden screamed obscenities
at the Fool
the bell tolled for thee
last week
and now is silent evermore
there are piranhas
in the moat
or so they say
do you dare swim for it?
I have known
the spells of witches
I have been turned
into a toad
a bat....a hare
I prefer the bat
it suits me best
as I behold a cow
ascending to the Moon
to a Moonshiner's tune
of the fiddle

-5/9/2023

53.

Sometimes it just goes blank
My mind
My thought process
There's just nothing happening there
Just a little dust kicked up
In a slight breeze
Everything just comes to a halt
The minutes free fall to the ground
Like egg shells
Splitting wide-open
They will not be cleaned up today
Probably not even tomorrow
I'm not certain
I'll even be thinking again
Until tomorrow
Thoughts flickering out like lightbulbs
There will be no spectacles
here to behold
At least until tomorrow
The mind has simply
Called it quits on this day
It has embraced the void
That lies between the stars
The ravens above
Are still looking down upon the Earth
Yet they will see nothing from me
Except perhaps
Some thoughts
dissipating into the air
Like vapor
A vapor of something
that has simply given up
Trying to make any sense of it
There will be no contemplating anything
At least until tomorrow
When the rooster of the dawn
Does its thing
with such a natural sense of purpose

5/10/202354.

54.

All of these
poisonous snakes
eating cakes
and sipping tea
on the lily pads
And I haven't
smoked anything today
not yet
waiting for the Moon
to glow brightest
in the sky
with illumination of....
Luna....Luna
you were
a teenage love dream
of my fragile heart

- 5/10/2023

55.

Vampire lady
my life-blood
is your wine
you drink me
drain me
annihilate me
until I am nothing
but a slave
to your jeweled eyes
take my blood
flesh
my soul
I can never
be redeemed
I am lost
to your immortal
living death

- 5/10/2023

56.

Everlasting
eternal stardust
roses of nebulas
brightened
by your star-shine eyes
goddess of worlds
beyond the twilight
Valkyrie
of rocket propulsion fire
constellation Queen
of beauty
a single kiss
like an adagio
of supernovas
scattering
pearls
rubies....gold
and visions
of your celestial radiance
in the dreams
of the cosmic mariner

- 5/10/2023

The prophet
of the sand
the telepathic whispers
that arrive
in the middle of the night
a shadow without end
without boundary
begins to descend
the prophet knows
the glare
of the future's dagger
visions
of desert winds
time is a trap
of false directions
the prophet of the sand
has been forewarned
the desert will burn
sand...metal...oil....bone
souls shall feed the fire
for a time
Chaos shall wear
the crown
oblivion shall consume
like a shadow
a shadow that
the prophet has seen
and it shall be
a thousand years
until a new beginning rises
symbolized by a single flower
growing in a desert
that has long concealed
its scars and memories

- 5/11/2023

57.

Vampire Goddess
From Outer Space
A Queen from the cosmic infinity
Her eyes like dark roses
Her lips like dark wine
Of the final breath
In her wake
She leaves behind
Worlds full of tombs
The soul in ashes
Enslaved to a kiss without mercy
Is the fate of those who behold her
When she brings the storm with her
As she descends from the heavens
This destroyer from the vastness
Of envenomed reaches
The stars offer up their flames
Like candles
To reveal her dominion

5/12/2023

58.

Candles hidden
under the Moon
this light shines
across the mermaid's ocean
she beholds this radiance
touching the waves
touching the realm
of her mystery
as ships sail by
and each sailor
that sees her is enchanted
her eyes
will fill their souls
with haunting dreams
for eternity
and all they will ever desire
is to see her once again
she will be like a fire
burning in their memory
the flower of a radiant Moon
by the sea
never to be forgotten

- 5/12/2023

Cosmic valkyries
from the Andromeda galaxy
knocking on my door
at ten o'clock at night
I don't want anymore
of their kind of love
I'm no warrior anymore
I don't burn with
such a madness
and such a determination
like they do
I've never seen anything
like it
but then again
they're not from
around here
they are from someplace
literally beyond
our ability to know
sure some might say
that the Andromeda galaxy
must be just like
our galaxy
the Milky Way
but how the hell
do they really know
they've never been there
and all the book learning
and math scribbled on chalkboards
doesn't really take you there
only the imagination
can even begin to do that

- 5/13/2023

Out on the vast
plateau of thought
of half-sleeping mind
tapped into the astral
conduit of the astral
I have encountered
"the other ones"
I do not know
who they are
or where they originate
yet they are there
in that place
between states of realization
I can hear their voices
speaking
originating
from someplace vast
as if it were so close
yet just beyond
some curtain
some veil unseen to the eyes
I can sense this
my intuition tells me this
out on that plateau of thought
I have heard them
say many times
"we are living proof
that consciousness survives"

- 5/14/2023

61.

Taking the herb
can free you for a time
from the anxiety
of technological synthesis
of consumerism's alienation
spectacles of media
glittering before our eyes
taking the herb can free you
for a time
unless it goes badly
unless you bug out
and the feelings
of apprehension
are enhanced greatly
and it seems like
everyone in the world
is suspicious of you
and you assume
that they know what you know
that you took the herb
that unleashes consciousness
like a howling wind
and you were not ready
for all of its revelations
it was not the right time
perhaps you should have gone
far out in a desert
or to the solitude of a forest
someplace where
there is only you
and the spirits of nature

- 5/14/2023

62.

I went on a journey
to the place
that only exist
in a thought
of yesterday afternoon

it was there
that I saw
the emerald sky
the emerald trees
the emerald flowers
with smiling emerald faces
with eyes as bright
as emerald stars

and through
a garden maze of playing cards
I walked into
a different reality
better suited
to my disposition

- 5/14/2023

63.

I finally found the labyrinth
Of the Minotaur
I went inside
Piles of bones
Were scattered everywhere
All that remains
Of these fools and brave souls
They all lie here
Silent now..... forgotten
I knew that I was good
But was I good enough
To win this fight
To slaughter
This legendary beast
I quickly decided that I wasn't
So I turned right around
Went back to the nearest village
And got very drunk
Call me a coward if you want to
But you won't find me
In a pile of bones
Among those very brave fools

5/14/2023

64.

Sorceress
from Epsilon Eridani
stalking me
in my dreams
haunting me
telepathically
filling my mind
with horoscopes
astrology
Zodiac signs
symbols
entire grimoires
of knowing everyone's fate
you torment me
you torment me
with divination
you torment me
with knowing
everyone's fate
with crystal ball eyes
with lips of the future's
loveliest poison

- 5/14/2023

65.

I beheld
the green glow
of the emerald sky
an oasis out there
amidst the echoes
of space and time
amidst the solitude
of everything yet to be
nebular of glowing
colorful....saintly mirages
celestial sunflowers
jazz heard
on the radios of Andromeda

- 5/14/2023

66.

Endless....
stardust eternity
a mountain
of robotic synthesis
islands of solitude
within ourselves
we want to behold
we want to touch
the waves
of radio ocean
a pulsating
electronic dream
shining in anointed frequency
an obelisk
of electric light
outpouring....vastness
reflections of our being
into the vastness
of time and the sacred Cosmos

- 5/16/2023

67.

Going round and round
in the maze
banging against the walls
the telephones never cease
someone's calling
spreading a dark cloud
of dread
and I'm looking
at the clock
praying for it to be
closer to five o'clock
I looked into the sunlight
and felt something closer
to my true place
in the Universe
and it feels like
I'm stuck
in some rat cage
just hoping to find
a dandelion
or to hear
a familiar song
coming down to me
from the radio heavens

- 5/16/2023

68.

Sending my words out
transmitted out
to shine through the skies
of other worlds
to touch the clouds
of other worlds
to the mountains
the tundras
to touch the oceans
of other worlds
I am sending out
my words
to shine into the souls
of those from other worlds
my words transmitted out
to shine like radio stars
in their dreams

- 5/20/2023

69.

I beheld
the solar mountain
this morning
out on the balcony
with cigarette
and coffee
it was gilded
with the fire
of billions of years
light of so much time
expanses of time
beyond imagining
I could see the temple
atop the solar mountain
filled the essence
the dreams....the visions
the epiphany
of solar reflection mystified
from atop the solar mountain
alchemy is made real

- 5/21/2023

70.

I believe
in the eternal shine
of a thought
I do believe
in radio transmitters
infused with spiritual voice
I do believe
in the ability
of the mind
to see across
vast expanses
of space and time
to behold
a garden at dawn
on some other world
in just the right light
of its own rising star

- 5/21/2023

71.

I once found myself
believing in a seemingly
impossible transformation
of shadow to light
I found myself
set alight with obsession
by this conception
that came into being
as a cinematic vision
within my mind
I could see so clearly
with such inner sight
what it was
that I could feel stirring
within the labyrinth
of the soul
and I found myself
giving in to this impulse
to explore the boundaries
of that light
that I could
see and feel within

- 5/21/2023

72.

Right now
in this mental haze morning
wishing that I was drifting
out where the stars glow
with ancient memory

Right now
in this morning
of desperation
wishing that I was out there
among the Pleiades
wishing that I was
heading straight for Orion
coffee and cigarettes
under the Sun
wishing that I was one
with all of that
cosmic expanse

a soul electrified
by the sight of it all

- 5/27/2023

73.

Watching the Sun rise
out here in the Pines
I can only hear the birds
and the gentle rustling
of a stream

I'm out here
away from
all that troubles me
far away
the calm is a sanctuary
the tranquility
is sacred to me
sometimes you just
have to get away
and here I am away
letting my thoughts
be dissolved
in the reflection
of the morning Sun
upon the water

- written in the Pine Barrens

- May 28, 2023

74.

Here I can feel it
the essence
the tranquility
a true sense of separation
from the mania
that the world
can sometimes conjure
from its cauldrons

Here I can feel it
and how immaculate
is the sight
of the early Sun
rising over the Pines

as I will endeavor
to make this single moment
last an eternity
to be shared
with the stars

- written in the Pine Barrens

- 5/28/2023

75.

Look behind you.....Yeti
a cryptic message
I stumbled upon
out here in the Pine Barrens
at dawn
is it a warning
or is it a dream
of some mythology
that still lives
in this forest
indifferent to whether or not
we have our doubts
it will be there regardless
if we look behind us
just as its always been

- written in the Pine Barrens

- 5/28/2023

76.

Flowers
in the Pines
of eternity

the Pine Barrens
at dawn
this place
is my cathedral
my connection
with the divine

with my thoughts
my hopes
my dreams
and with streams
of radio radiance
I shall share
these flowers
with eternity

- Pine Barrens, 5/28/2023

77.

Ventriloquist
in the moonlight
following a meteor
with their clairvoyant eyes
they bring us solace
when the world
reveals its awaiting thorns
and tomorrow
I may just disappear
once again
among all of
the sleeping shadows
I may go looking
for what the hourglass hides
I may just go
and ascend
with falcon wings
to a palace full of mirrors
chose a reflection
and escape to the other side

- 5/22/2023

80.

Night and infinity
I can hear
the radio echoes
escaping from Valhalla
a solar dream
an infinity
merging as one
a destiny
an awakening
the nebulas
call to me
my spirit
once drifted
through their gardens
in another life

- 5/28/2023

81.

I believe
that I have been asleep
for three hours
yet I cannot
be sure of this
I feel awake
I feel awareness
yet I know
that I am not where
I would normally be
if I were awake
I am someplace different
I'm not really certain where
upon the shores
of an astral lake it seems
the early Sun is rising
it is dawn here
a splendid dawn
I can see it so clearly
I am here....it's so real
I am both asleep and awake
in one place
yet also in another

- 5/29/2023

82.

Out here
portal
of a dreamworld
.....LIGHT
now I hold
its image
in my memory

now my beliefs
are like
a thousand keys
that open
a thousand doors
to other dimensions

- Pine Barrens , 5/28/2023

83.

Light of all things
shining down
upon the forest
at dawn

the very air
holds within it
an ocean of memory

what can be realized
intermingles
with what can be imagined
thoughts becoming light
again and again
upon waves of time

- Pine Barrens, 5/28/2023

84.

Radio sea
waves.....light
of immortality

I can see
with the vision
of my spirit
any Moon
in the Cosmos

I can perceive
what is contained
within the radio ether

I can see and feel
so much
of distant memory

my spirit
has crossed the threshold
into the eternal
radio light

- 5/29/2023

All alone out here
this radio outpost
on astral planet
Erelius 751
listening to the receiver
waiting to hear
the voice of another soul
any soul
out there
where the solitude
is mingled
with the light
of the three Suns
I suppose
that when I volunteered
for this assignment
I just wanted
to be far away
I longed to feel removed
from so much
yet all of this
solitary time and scenery
has only set my memories ablaze
now brighter....more vivid
the visions come to me
they haunt me
every single hour
and there is no one here
to speak to
no one to listen to me
and it would seem
there is no one out there
on the radio
there is nothing but the sound
the desolate sound
of radio static and the wind

- 5/29/2023

86.

The Radio Magi of Pyera 581 :

Out in the wastelands
of Pyera 581
out where a radiant dawn
is all but forgotten
these radio magi
remain at their stations
transmitting
the poetry of their souls
sending out their visions
and their dreams
all that they have seen
and felt within
this task so true to their hearts
they shine the light
of lived experience
into the dark sea
of mystery.....time
and stars

- 5/29/2023

87.

Radio voices
of the spheres
cascading down
into the metallic dish
of this artificial garden
this garden of antennas
and wires
electric currents
flowing with
the ambitions of the soul
tonight I believe
I'll serenade a Quasar
or transmit these sonnets
to one of the lovely moons
of Gananella 3
tonight I'll listen
to the music
of the satellites
high above
orbiting this oasis
of radio dreams
tonight I shall conjure
such poetry of starlight

- 5/29/2023

88.

There is no
impossibility here
only the anointed
and the possible
as the seas rage
in storms of illusion
there is no separation
between the boundaries
of our dreams
and I have heard
the shadow-keeper's voice
I have seen by means
of psychic telepathy
the interstellar visions
of his cyborg mind

- 5/30/2023

89.

The streams
of my thoughts
pouring out
across inter-dimensional
time and space
my day to day life
is only an illusion
of perception
there is so much more
that lies hidden
surrounding us always
we can try and tune
our perceptions to it
and this can sometimes be
a good thing
sometimes a bad thing
sometimes we are ready
for the greater reality
to be revealed
and sometimes we are not
sometimes it's a wonderful
awakening
sometimes it brings
us to madness
yet either way
there's no going back

- 5/31/2023

90.

Angelic radio antenna
on the rooftop
receiving poetry
of the heliosphere
I cast my shadows aside
and purify my soul
in the light
of these transmissions
Olympian goddess faces
there in the heliosphere light
if you can only see
if you can only see beyond
the worldly radio spectrum
of false spectacle
and disenchantment
Athena's radio eyes
piercing through
to the Freudian soul-mind
underneath

- 6/1/2023

91.

At the edge of a horizon
a candle's light
upon the surface of Mars
how did it
come to exist out here
the desolation of this place
is only a illusion
to the undiscerning eye
there is more
to be discovered here
more to be realized
and awakened
and this candle's light
is only the beginning
with enough time
the eyes of sight
will become adjusted
to all that this world
has to reveal

- 6/2/2023

Along the astral stream
in your dream
in your sleep
the true self
the true essence
the soul of you
is there
beyond the material
beyond all worldly notions
of the real
in your dream
you are there
seeing
listening
breathing the astral air
along this stream
outside of time
at dawn you will awaken
back to the material surroundings
that you so recognize
and yet the astral stream
has merely faded from mental view
when it is out of mind
it is still there
the essence of you knows this
the soul of you knows this
and is always waiting to return

- 6/2/2023

Cut Up Technique Cosmic Transmission #1

entire you
 Sorceress
 with what knowing
 Earth ...Eridani... fate ...Zodiac
 for knowing of spectacles
 is Epsilon ...your mind
 loveliest far astrology

of spirits... with eyes filling
 everyone's out
 herb haunting
 everyone's fate and telepathically
 anxiety eyes
 alienation
 my torment
 poison of glittering astrology
 and of you... entire you
 of nature.....Sorceress
 with what knowing
 Earth ...Eridani ...fate.... Zodiac
 for knowing of spectacles is Epsilon
 your mind ...loveliest and far
 divination ...fate of you
 technological signs and the herb
 enhanced symbols
 The dreams you know
 of the future's forest
 time's herb with synthesis
 unleashes time greatly
 everyone's grimoires of knowing
 horoscopes with wind howling
 of Epsilon crystal... divination
 Sorceress ...media
 horoscopes before all

6/3/2023

Cut Up Technique Cosmic Transmission #2

place of given consciousness
of the Carthaginian god
towards such but where
and I beyond lurking
that name of a Minotaur
close fiery astral glowing encounter
they hear between speaking
between the unseen lanterns
words are my realization
proof mystical
how about the thought intuition
the feast of cinematography
the obsession of living orchids
time of the splendor of candelabras

6/3/2023

Cosmic Cut Up Technique Transmission #3

desert years
dagger of light
atop mountain dreams
time begins
the alchemy of solar memories
mountain imagining
solar beginning of new reflection
mystified for cigarettes
the visions of time
sand of souls
solar epiphany concealed
a telepathic prophet
the fire ...the glare gilded
the beyond temple flower
that prophet beheld crown of real coffee
of morning fire shadows
prophetprophet
shadow essence of the solar boundary
the desert symbolized

6/4/2023

Cosmic Cut Up Technique Transmission #4

death brings the lost candles
with cosmic wake
the wine of her flesh
the Vampire lady of tombs
envenomed lips..... fate of ashes
Goddess of the soul blood
immortal Worlds and roses
dark destroyer
Her kiss will annihilate
Queen of blood and wine
now volcanic faded machines
a statue entombed in stone
visions... crystalline
touching the ash of souls
light of eyes
the ancient papyrus cataclysm
philosophy of subliminal Atlantean time
across time... once revealed
a jeweled chariot.... golden
with desperation.... this morning
Of drifting soul haze
a mental Sun
the Pleiades glow electrified
all the cosmic cigarettes
this coffee of memory

6/4/2023

97.

Infinite collisions
Roses of crystallized dreams
Awakening stars
At the azimuth hallucinatory
Welcoming metallic angels
Electronic sorcery escaping
The melting barrels
Lingering moon glow
Where the serpents gazed

I could see no one
But the druids waiting for me
With torches
With intentions radiant subconsciously
With occult undertones
I knew then that for me
Kansas was a lost dream
And here I was
half-astral projected
Within a time distortion mirage
Waiting for the galaxy's goddess
Of mental vibrations
In the radio afterlife

6/4/2023

98.

Sorceress Queen
Of reptilian radio
Telepathy waves pulsating
In the mental void of ego
A fog of time dilation
Immaculate dimensional
Radio reverberations
Wings of the ethereal
Instability of thought transference
Ascension of my hallucinations
Into the astral clouds
My lamentations
Blown upon atomic winds
This ashen sky is a threshold
To the cosmic plateau
Of mirrored infinity

6/4/2023

These prophetic wings
Eyes of the Infinity Queen
My soul in this time
Collides with a mirror's reflection
and I can hear
How I can hear
The immaculate voice
Of the Infinity Queen
Summoning the radio beehive
Summoning the hydra
That has slept for so long
Beneath the metropolitan streets
And the Infinity Queen is echoing
Marconi's spirit voice
At the edge of the radio sphere
And we have all heard
The whisperings of the Infinity Queen
In those dreams that happen
Just before the solar awakening
Just before the earthly mind
Attunes once more
From the astral aura
To this world of material mirage

6/4/2023

There was something alive there
For a moment in that
Panicked thought
My mind jolted
With electro-chemical sensation
There was something there
Someone
Another consciousness
Intermingled with my own
No idea who or what it was
I only know that it wasn't me
Something got within
Inside of the sanctuary
Of my own thoughts
There was another presence there
Thankfully....only briefly
Yet I can't forget
I could never forget it
The door to my inner mind
Was broken off its hinges
And I can't make things feel
Like they did before it all happened
A consciousness invading
Another consciousness
Here now staring out a broken window
The shattered glass
Feels like my own reflection

6/4/2023

101.

You know the brokenness
Of my soul
Beautiful hallucination
Of my mirror

You who are like
A glowing telepathic candle
You who are like a violet
Of unrestricted telekinesis

In all of this
Hyper-dimensional blurriness
You are like a spectral dove
Amidst the alienation
Spewing from these
Technological shadows

You are the soft-lighted
Memory realized
Of the cannabis Elysium
Where my spirit
once knew bliss
In a distant life
Of a distant time

6/4/2023

Cosmic Cut Up Technique Transmission #5

the dissipating balconies
Through the fog
of Electromagnetic mythology
Space communication and time vapor
Terrestrial Atlantean stations
Eternity's radio
Glaring diodes of Venus
Astral Cannabis from out of the beyond
orchids of energized azure sky
awakening spirit along
The boulevards
enlightenment communique dissolving
Thoughts of distortion in flux
gardens of amnesia
quietly mesmerizing

- 6/4/2023

Immaculate electric crystals
Gleaming on the astral horizon
Plateau of alien flowers
Rising towards the echoes
Of Saturn's phantom radios
And we are now at present
Walking down the corridors
Of the obsidian palace
Walking towards the obsidian room
Where one can travel
To any place in the Universe
Where wormholes span
The entire dimension
Like ethereal vines
Flowing with the momentum
Of realities intersecting
Once the obsidian door is opened
The room itself
Sees the vision
within your own psyche
That place which has always
Called out to your soul
In your dreams

6/4/2023

At the grave of the medieval alchemist
Hundreds of years removed
From material form
Now in spirit
He exist in the astral realms
Above the Earth
Still pursuing the greater mysteries
Of all creation
his visions still linger
About his grave
What his visionary eyes beheld
Is still being discovered anew here
The Emerald Stars
the Golden Lion Sun
Close your eyes here
And you will see them
As he once did
with a light that reaches within
And touches the very soul

6/4/2023

105.

Space radio revelations
Muses of starlight
Anointing minds
With celestial radio voice
Each twilight
Through the cosmic radio
We are connected
To other souls
On other worlds
We are connected
To the vastness
That lies beyond
This electronic desert of mirages

6/4/2023

2023